

# SERIAL STORY

## STANTON WINS

By Eleanor M. Ingram

Author of "The Game and the Candle," "The Flying Mercury," etc.

Illustrations by Frederic Thornburgh

Copyright 1935, The Hobbs-Merrill Company.

SYNOPSIS.

At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanic of the Mercury, Stanton's machine, drops dead. Strange youth, Jesse Floyd, volunteers, and is accepted. In the rest during the twenty-four hour race Stanton meets a stranger, Miss Carlisle, who introduces herself. The Mercury wins race. Stanton receives flowers from Miss Carlisle, which he ignores. Stanton meets Miss Carlisle on a train. They alight to take walk, and train leaves. Stanton and Miss Carlisle follow in auto. Accident by which Stanton is hurt is mysterious. Floyd, at lunch with Stanton, tells of his boyhood. Stanton again meets Miss Carlisle and they dine together. Stanton comes to truck sick, but makes race. They have accident. Floyd hurt, but not seriously. At dinner Floyd tells Stanton of his twin sister, Jessica. Stanton becomes very ill and loses consciousness. On recovery, at his hotel Stanton receives invitation and visits Jessica. They go to theater together, and meet Miss Carlisle.

### CHAPTER VIII—(Continued).

"Don't see or hear too much, and don't tell me if you do," advised Stanton suddenly, and leaned forward.

The Mercury uttered a vibrant roar that cleared the Parkway for a quarter of a mile ahead, and leaped.

Floyd kept his eyes upon the road in front, carefully avoiding view of the hubbub left in their wake. He had a fleeting glimpse of one scandalized officer struggling with his rearing horse, as they thundered past, and he entertained no doubt of the number in their rear.

"She steers a little stiff," Stanton observed, twisting between a limousine and two carriages. "But we can fix that at the track. What?"

"Two motor-cycle policemen are just behind," communicated Floyd, dejected by silent mirth. "Had enough?"

"I haven't seen them yet. I can't let out the machine here, of course, but—was that a dog?"

"Poodle."

"But it seems all right."

Around a curve ahead darted a blue-uniformed figure on a motor-cycle, one arm raised. Stanton instantly checked his car, Floyd throwing out his hand in warning to those behind. There was a mad series of explosions from the abruptly halted motor-cycles in pursuit.

"You're under arrest!" shouted three voices at once, as the Mercury slid to a standstill.

"Is it possible?" inquired the driver, removing his goggles.

Two more motor-cycle officers were coming up, three mounted on horses were arriving from side-paths. Surrounded by the outraged eight and all the population in the neighborhood, the Mercury stood quiescent.

"Will you follow to the police station, or will we have to take you?" came the crisp question. "We've got your number."

"I'll follow wherever you like," engaged Stanton. "Lead the way."

They started, preceded by one officer and followed by another, also by a shabby young man on a bicycle. Into the station they went, accompanied by their three attendants.

The charge was three fold: exceeding the speed limit by some fifty miles an hour, resisting arrest, and violating the smoke ordinance. That set forth, the usual interrogatory was put, Stanton replying with concise brevity.

"Name and age?"

"Ralph Stanton, twenty-six."

"Occupation?"

"Automobile driver."

"Name of car?"

"Mercury."

"Owner?"

"The Mercury Company."

The shabby young man interrupted proceedings by a stifled gasp, grasping the sleeve of Floyd, who stood looking on.

"That's Stanton? Stanton? And you—who are you?"

"Jesse Floyd, his mechanic," was the wondering response.

Stanton glanced that way, as Floyd was drawn to the other side of the room by his excited captor, but turned back to answer the remainder of the examination. When the ceremony was ended, he signaled to his mechanic.

"Come; I've got to go before the magistrate and give bail," he summoned impatiently.

Floyd came across to him, shining-eyed and eager.

"Stanton, that is a reporter; he wants us to tell him about your doing this. He needs a fresh story to make good with his paper—can't we give it to him?"

Stanton surveyed his companion, eyebrows lifted.

"Why should we? The newspapers will get it, whatever we do. Come."

"But he needs it; it would help him," Floyd urged. "He's thin and frayed out—Stanton, he looks hungry."

"Do you want to help him?" the driver queried, astonished. "Do you care about a man you do not know and never see again?"

"Don't you?" asked Floyd simply.

"I'm not from Paradise," dryly answered Stanton. "Tell him anything you like, but be quick."

He looked at the reporter again, with a new use of his eyes. Floyd was right; the man was threadbare and gaunt, and pathetically young. Stanton had a rebuked consciousness of being strong and brutal in his strength, successful and selfish in his success.

"You are an educating companion," he observed, as they went out with an officer.

"Why?" Floyd inquired, puzzled. But Stanton would elucidate no further.

The ordeal before the magistrate was not long. Stanton was held in a thousand dollars bail for future trial, produced a surety company's bond, and in fifteen minutes was free and once more in his seat behind the Mercury's wheel.

"We will reach the office on time," commented the lawbreaker.

"You do it like a veteran," Floyd mused with mock suspicion.

At the office they left the car, but not each other. There was growing upon Stanton more and more the desire for Jesse Floyd's companionship, a final rebellion of nature against his lonely existence.

"Do you have to stay here?" he demanded, upon concluding arrangements at the office.

"No," Floyd replied.

"Come to dinner with me, then."

The mechanic shook his bronze-curved head in laughing refusal.

"There has been enough of that, Mr. Stanton; you come to dinner with me."

"At your home?" escaped Stanton involuntarily. He had a sudden vision of Jess and Jessica together, a premonition of mental bewilderment before the spectacle of their incredible likeness.

"I would like that, but you know we live up town, and I have got to be back here in an hour. Mr. Green wants me."

"Oh, anywhere you say. See here, why can't you wait and come on the train with me to Indianapolis? We might make the trip less monotonous for each other."

Taken by surprise, Floyd hesitated. "I—you are good to think of it—but Mr. Green would never consent. He has arranged for me to go on tonight."

"Why shouldn't he consent? You would be there in plenty of time."

Floyd turned his mischievous gray eyes to the other man's, guarding silence. But Stanton halted in the middle of the sidewalk, his face locking in his steel-hard anger and determination.

"I know what you mean, Floyd. And, speak openly, do you believe that you would be unable to stand forty-eight hours of me without leaving the company?"

"No."

"No?"

"No. I am very certain that I could stand much more of you than I am ever likely to get, Ralph Stanton. We are blocking traffic here, aren't we?"

For one passing moment he had looked Jessica herself; Stanton saw again the girl's sorrowful face as she bent over the embroidery, and heard her answer "often" to his question of her loneliness. They were not altogether sufficient for each other, then, these twins? They might possibly ad-

sharply. "What do you mean? Her arm?"

The shattering of glass and the consequent flood brought their waiter on a run, but Floyd did not even glance down at the wreck, his eyes upon Stanton; who returned the gaze in utter amazement.

"What do I mean? I say that your sister's bracelet slipped off and scratched her arm, the night we went to the play, and I asked you if she were well. What is the matter with you?"

Floyd pushed back his chair to permit the waiter's ministrations, his lashes falling.

"You gave me a turn," he exclaimed, with hurried lightness. "I wondered if Jessica had hurt herself and not told me. We've only got each other, and we are twins—I suppose we are silly about each other, in fact I remember, now, that she did have a scratch on her arm; I blamed it on the kitten."

He was still pale, and paid the check without looking at his companion.

"Your nerves are out," Stanton frankly commented, contemplating him with curiosity. "One would think it was you who were just over the arrest. You'll have to get in form before we strike a race-track."

"Don't you worry," besought Floyd, his gaiety and color rushing back together. "I'll take some smelling-salts with me in case I feel faint when you commence to speed up."

Outside the two paused, Floyd looking at his watch.

"I've got to go over to the office," he said. "Shall I see you again before we leave?"

"When is that?"

"Nine o'clock from the Grand Central. We always start a few days ahead of you, of course."

"Better shake hands, then," advised Stanton.

They did so, and separated. At five minutes past nine, that evening, the Chicago special pulled out of New York. Ten minutes later a hand was laid on Floyd's shoulder, as he sat gazing out the window at the flying darkness and brightness that was the outskirts of the city.

"Do you want to talk, or shall I go back to my own section in the next car?" Stanton inquired.

His mechanic turned swiftly, incredulously.

"Stanton? Really you?"

"Since you had to start to-night, I saw no reason why I should not do likewise. I hate train travel; we'll get it over. You haven't answered my question yet."

"I didn't know that I had to," smiled Floyd.

And indeed there had been no possible mistaking of the welcome and pleasure in his cry, or in his truthful face. Stanton took the seat opposite and pulled a folded newspaper from his pocket, passing it across.

"I suppose you have seen that," he inferred.

"Race gossip?" questioned the other, taking the paper.

"Court news," was the correction. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

### London Plays a New Game.

There is a new game which sportsmen are playing. To travel by train the greatest distance in twenty-four hours—on paper. For it is played with a Bradshaw. The astonishing idea of



The Mercury Uttered a Vibrant Roar and Leaped.

mit a third? Stanton caught his breath; a slow strong pulse of vague excitement began to beat in him, and thereafter was never stilled until a day when all his world crashed into blank stillness.

They went on to the quiet French restaurant that Floyd had chosen; so recovering tone on the way that they contrived to disagree over the merits of rival speedometers and argued energetically all through the dinner. They spent a long time over the simple meal, enjoying themselves completely. But at last they sank into a thoughtful silence, which Stanton was the first to break.

"I saw that Miss Floyd's arm was hurt the other evening. I hope it is better."

Floyd raised his head, starting so violently as to overturn the goblet of water beside him.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed

studying Bradshaw for pleasure re calls Lord Chatham's hobby. Lord Chatham boasted that he had read Bailey's dictionary through twice. And there was another genius who found consolation in queer literary fields. Lord Chief Justice Cockburn had no need of the new novel. He read Euclid.

"Even now," he said. "I often read some pages of it for pleasure." There is no accounting for literary tastes, as the man said who read Bradshaw and Bailey and Euclid.—London Chronicle

### His Sacrifice.

"I suppose, like all government officials," said the man who answers, "you are making personal sacrifices in order to serve your country."

"Yes," replied the village postmaster; "it's pretty hard to have to keep reading addresses when I'd rather be looking at the pictures on the post cards."



STATUE OF JOHN A. LOGAN



SOLDIER'S HOME AT WASHINGTON

F the last resting place of our Civil war heroes none is more heavily banked with flowers on Decoration day than the tomb of Gen. John A. Logan.

This remembrance would be entirely explainable by the circumstance that the commander of the Army of the Tennessee was not only one of the foremost military lead-

ers of the Union army, but was exceptionally popular with his soldiers, enough of whom are still living to insure lavish offerings of flowers on each recurring holiday, without any dependence whatever upon expressions of gratitude from a rising generation.

However, there is yet another incentive, quite aside from this common patriotic impulse, which goes to explain this exceptional floral tribute to General Logan, and which makes it seem especially appropriate. This is found in the fact, all too often overlooked, that General Logan was the founder of Memorial day, as we observe it in the present era.

The claim is made, apparently with perfect warrant, that the fundamental idea of Memorial day originated in the south, where a number of kind-hearted women inaugurated, immediately after the close of the war, the practice of devoting some chosen day in the spring to the decoration with flowers of the graves of the fallen soldiers—Federal and Confederate alike.

To General Logan, though, belongs the credit of establishing Decoration day in May as a definite, fixed, annual event of uniform observance in the great majority of the states of the Union.

There had been no general celebration and no fixed date until in 1868 General Logan, then acting as commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, took the initiative and issued an order fixing May 30 as the date for the annual Memorial day exercises and calling upon every G. A. R. post in the country to engage in fitting ceremonies and scatter tokens of regard over the last resting places of their former comrades in arms.

It is predicted that ere many years there will be general adoption throughout the country of the practice, already introduced in some places, of reading in connection with every Memorial day program the original order of General Logan instituting this event, which has become such an important one on our calendar. Such a plan would, of course, follow the example of the general custom of reading the Declaration of Independence in connection with Fourth of July exercises. For the present, however, General Logan's recognition in this connection consists in special services at his tomb, and, as has been explained, an exceptional profusion of flowers, many of the latter in the form of elaborate designs suggestive of notable events in his military career.

The last resting place of General Logan is admirably chosen with reference to opportunities for keeping green the memory of this fiery warrior. The body of General Logan lies in a handsome private vault, occupying the most prominent place in the national cemetery connected with the United States Soldiers' home, near Washington, D. C. Among the thousand inmates of the home are a number who fought under General Logan, and naturally it is a work of love for them to see to it that his tomb bears evidence of the undying admiration of his "boys" of half a century ago.

At the Soldiers' Home cemetery the veterans do most of the scattering of flowers on Decoration day, there not being sufficient children on hand, as a rule, to place blossoms on so many graves. But the posies which the soldiers carry to the Logan tomb are by no means the only ones that come thither on this festival of remembrance. Floral designs are sent from

general was weary of the business at the end of those seven years! The fact, of course, is that the opening scenes of the impeachment familiar to everybody through Micaulay's purple patch were enacted in Westminster hall, and presumably Hastings stood during part of the time.

Apart from the historic tradition, the use of the great hall was necessary because the commons claimed the right of full attendance as a committee of the whole house. The prolonged business of the trial, however,

Long Time on His Feet. Few if any of the inscriptions on commemorative tablets at Westminster have escaped criticism or challenge on some point of detail. But what shall be said of the astounding statement on the bronze plate placed in the floor of Westminster hall recently? It reads:

On this spot Warren Hastings stood for his trial 1788—1795. No wonder that the great governor

general was weary of the business at the end of those seven years! The fact, of course, is that the opening scenes of the impeachment familiar to everybody through Micaulay's purple patch were enacted in Westminster hall, and presumably Hastings stood during part of the time.

Apart from the historic tradition, the use of the great hall was necessary because the commons claimed the right of full attendance as a committee of the whole house. The prolonged business of the trial, however,

general was weary of the business at the end of those seven years! The fact, of course, is that the opening scenes of the impeachment familiar to everybody through Micaulay's purple patch were enacted in Westminster hall, and presumably Hastings stood during part of the time.

Apart from the historic tradition, the use of the great hall was necessary because the commons claimed the right of full attendance as a committee of the whole house. The prolonged business of the trial, however,

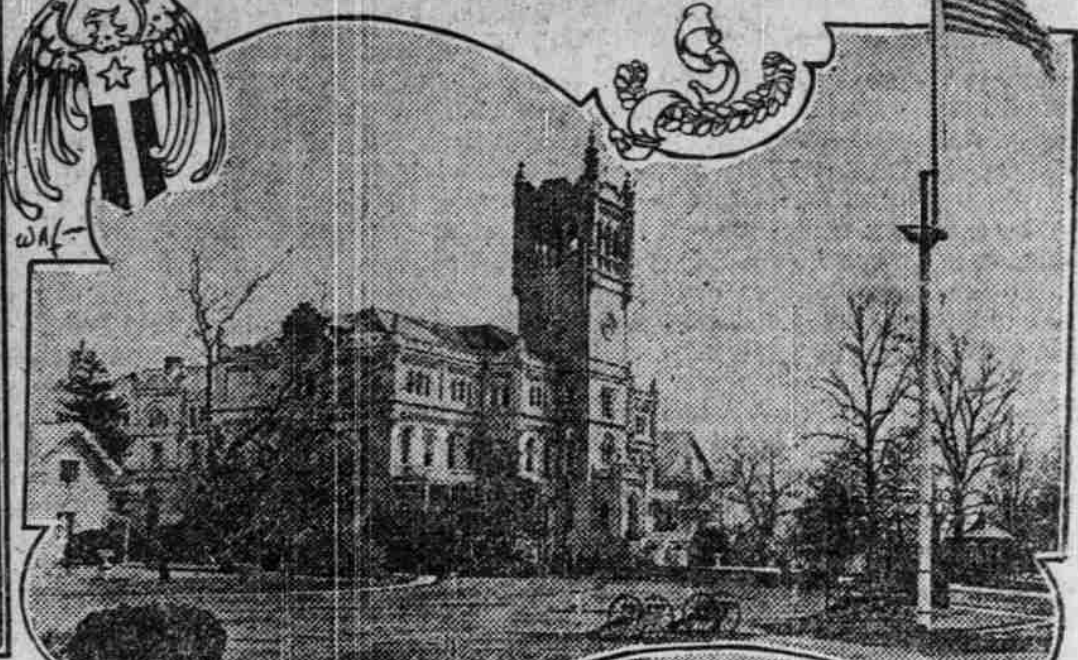
general was weary of the business at the end of those seven years! The fact, of course, is that the opening scenes of the impeachment familiar to everybody through Micaulay's purple patch were enacted in Westminster hall, and presumably Hastings stood during part of the time.

Apart from the historic tradition, the use of the great hall was necessary because the commons claimed the right of full attendance as a committee of the whole house. The prolonged business of the trial, however,

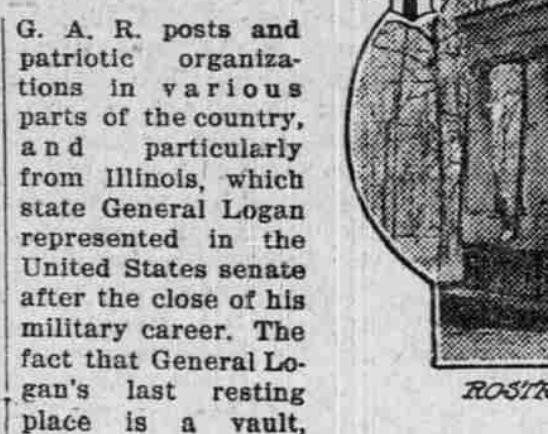
general was weary of the business at the end of those seven years! The fact, of course, is that the opening scenes of the impeachment familiar to everybody through Micaulay's purple patch were enacted in Westminster hall, and presumably Hastings stood during part of the time.

Apart from the historic tradition, the use of the great hall was necessary because the commons claimed the right of full attendance as a committee of the whole house. The prolonged business of the trial, however,

# RESTING PLACE of FOUNDER of MEMORIAL DAY



SOLDIER'S HOME AT WASHINGTON



ROSTRUM NEAR LOGAN TOMB

General Logan sleeps is intended only for enlisted men who served in the regular army and without regard to which war they saw service in—or, for that matter, whether they saw service in any war.

Not only has this home no connection with any of the volunteer homes, national or state, but it receives no appropriation from the government, being wholly maintained by the enlisted men of the regular army, who contribute to its support out of their pay on much the same theory that a man invests in life insurance. This is the forerunner of all the soldiers' homes, now scattered across the country from Virginia to California, having been established ten years before the outbreak of the Civil war. That the home is a decidedly prosperous institution may be inferred from the fact that it has several million dollars to its credit in the United States treasury, and its buildings, largely of white marble, are set in grounds comprising more than 500 acres of beautiful land that cost about one-third of a million dollars, and is maintained as a park with recreation grounds, pavilions where band concerts are held, and ten miles of graded, macadamized roads winding through selected groves of native and foreign trees and high, open ground that commands splendid views of the capital city.

A man must have seen 20 years of service in the regular army ere he is entitled to a home in this institution unless, mayhap, he has been disabled by wounds or disease in the service and in the line of duty. He must also be honorably discharged from the army before he can be admitted to the home, so that all the inmates of the institution are civilians.

Marching past the Logan vault on Memorial day one may see inmates of home who have served anywhere from 20 to 30 years in the regular army. Their ages range all the way from twenty-four to ninety, but more than half of all the veterans are between the ages of sixty and ninety. Several score of these old warriors saw service in the war with Mexico, whereas considerably more than 300 of them participated in the Civil war.

Automatic Water Finder. No thoroughly reliable automatic water finder has yet been discovered. A peculiarly designed magnetic needle has been employed for years, but is by no means invariably successful. One designer has employed electricity in connection with magnetism in the form he not quite correctly designated galvanism, but his results have met with much criticism. It is wisest not to depend upon any of the advertised mechanical water or mineral finders, so far as to make financial investment in them, at this stage of our knowledge of the subject.

Aeroplane Frightens Grouse. Complaint has been made on the grouse moors in the Glenesh district of Forfarshire, Scotland, that the grouse fly away at the noisy approach of an aeroplane, and it is feared that there will be a great migration of birds. The military authorities state that the experience of aviators elsewhere is that the birds will become accustomed to the presence and noise of the aeroplanes, and thenceforward will not migrate.

Paper From Bamboo. From a ton of bamboo fiber nearly half a ton of paper can be made.

Automatic Water Finder. No thoroughly reliable automatic water finder has yet been discovered. A peculiarly designed magnetic needle has been employed for years, but is by no means invariably successful. One designer has employed electricity in connection with magnetism in the form he not quite correctly designated galvanism, but his results have met with much criticism. It is wisest not to depend upon any of the advertised mechanical water or mineral finders, so far as to make financial investment in them, at this stage of our knowledge of the subject.

Aeroplane Frightens Grouse. Complaint has been made on the grouse moors in the Glenesh district of Forfarshire, Scotland, that the grouse fly away at the noisy approach of an aeroplane, and it is feared that there will be a great migration of birds. The military authorities state that the experience of aviators elsewhere is that the birds will become accustomed to the presence and noise of the aeroplanes, and thenceforward will not migrate.

Paper From Bamboo. From a ton of bamboo fiber nearly half a ton of paper can be made.

Automatic Water Finder. No thoroughly reliable automatic water finder has yet been discovered. A peculiarly designed magnetic needle has been employed for years, but is by no means invariably successful. One designer has employed electricity in connection with magnetism in the form he not quite correctly designated galvanism, but his results have met with much criticism. It is wisest not to depend upon any of the advertised mechanical water or mineral finders, so far as to make financial investment in them, at this stage of our knowledge of the subject.

Aeroplane Frightens Grouse. Complaint has been made on the grouse moors in the Glenesh district of Forfarshire, Scotland, that the grouse fly away at the noisy approach of an aeroplane, and it is feared that there will be a great migration of birds. The military authorities state that the experience of aviators elsewhere is that the birds will become accustomed to the presence and noise of the aeroplanes, and thenceforward will not migrate.

Paper From Bamboo. From a ton of bamboo fiber nearly half a ton of paper can be made.

Automatic Water Finder. No thoroughly reliable automatic water finder has yet been discovered. A peculiarly designed magnetic needle has been employed for years, but is by no means invariably successful. One designer has employed electricity in connection with magnetism in the form he not quite correctly designated galvanism, but his results have met with much criticism. It is wisest not to depend upon any of the advertised mechanical water or mineral finders, so far as to make financial investment in them, at this stage of our knowledge of the subject.

Aeroplane Frightens Grouse. Complaint has been made on the grouse moors in the Glenesh district of Forfarshire, Scotland, that the grouse fly away at the noisy approach of an aeroplane, and it is feared that there will be a great migration of birds. The military authorities state that the experience of aviators elsewhere is that the birds will become accustomed to the presence and noise of the aeroplanes, and thenceforward will not migrate.

Paper From Bamboo. From a ton of bamboo fiber nearly half a ton of paper can be made.

Automatic Water Finder. No thoroughly reliable automatic water finder has yet been discovered. A peculiarly designed magnetic needle has been employed for years, but is by no means invariably successful. One designer has employed electricity in connection with magnetism in the form he not quite correctly designated galvanism, but his results have met with much criticism. It is wisest not to depend upon any of the advertised mechanical water or mineral finders, so far as to make financial investment in them, at this stage of our knowledge of the subject.

Aeroplane Frightens Grouse. Complaint has been made on the grouse moors in the Glenesh district of Forfarshire, Scotland, that the grouse fly away at the noisy approach of an aeroplane, and it is feared that there will be a great migration of birds. The military authorities state that the experience of aviators elsewhere is that the birds will become accustomed to the presence and noise of the aeroplanes, and thenceforward will not migrate.

Paper From Bamboo. From a ton of bamboo fiber nearly half a ton of paper can be made.

Automatic Water Finder. No thoroughly reliable automatic water finder has yet been discovered. A peculiarly designed magnetic needle has been employed for years, but is by no means invariably successful. One designer has employed electricity in connection with magnetism in the form he not quite correctly designated galvanism, but his results have met with much criticism. It is wisest not to depend upon any of the advertised mechanical water or mineral finders, so far as to make financial investment in them, at this stage of our knowledge of the subject.